

UNIVERSUS

✻ ✻ BY CHARLES
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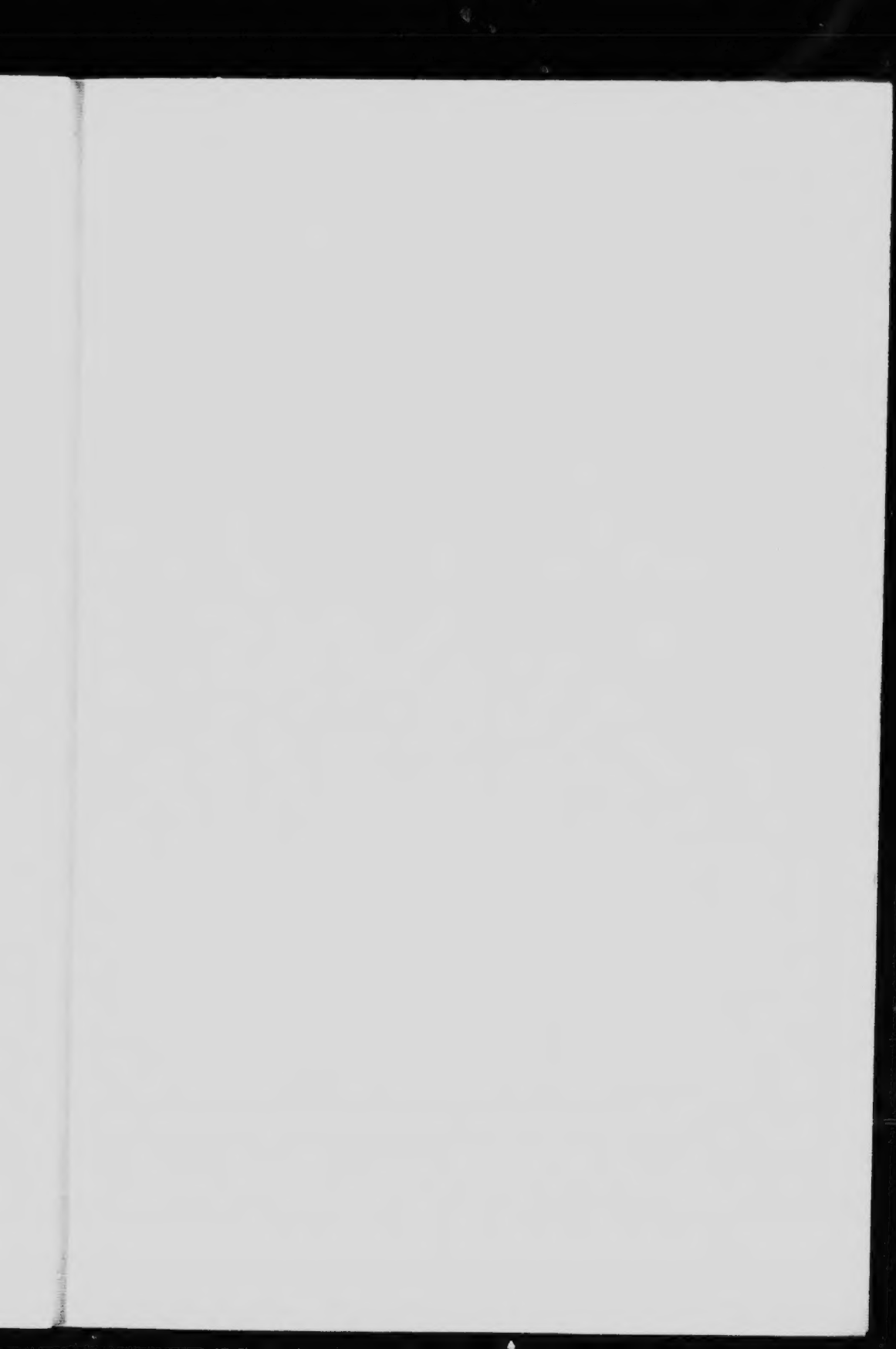
*Come tune thy
soul to Nature's
harmony. . . .*

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*The heavens declare the glory of God; and
the firmament sheweth his handywork.*

*Day unto day uttereth speech, and night
unto night sheweth knowledge.*

Ps. 19: 1, 2.

UNIVERSUS.

Azureal heavens of this mundane sphere,
Thou void eternal and of endless space,
A sacred awe dost thou impart to him
Who on thee gazes, and sublimely turns
His mind in revolutions, till, with thought
Profound, his mental vision seeks the deep
Illimitable depths of nothingness
Bestrewn with systems boundless to the mind
Contracted and still limited to Earth!

Ten thousand times the space that Earth has
 been
In darkness and has felt the glow of the
Sublime and glorious orb of day, with fast
Advancing feet would searching light but begin
Her journey to creation's golden shore,
The first majestic work eternal built:
A circle of creation, ambient,
With all the mighty worlds and powers within:
A circus vast, where the chief actors are
Spheres unnumbered and of majesty.

In majesty they move with wondrous speed
From pole to pole in universal space :
In majesty they glow with sapphire light,
And spread above a glorious canopy
With gems, the jewels of wondrous Nature lit,
Which from the time of her nativity
Were placed, her beauteous person to adorn
Throughout the ages of eternity.

O sublime universe ! O glorious worlds !
What homage do ye pay to this, the Earth,
Ye who do shine by day, and then by night ?
Are ye the servants of this vain orb, living
To fulfil that humble charge ? To that ordained ?
Ye boundless and eternal multitudes
That guard with lasting light the vacancies,
That lend such lustre to the infinite,
And people the deep realms of chaos with
Mysterious fire, are ye obedient to
The mandates of this atom floating on
The universal winds ?

Nay ! speak not thus
Of worlds that countless as the sands, move in
Majestic sway to Nature's laws. All were

ed
Sought out from the deep realms of matter and
formed

In spheres of mundane principles, each orb
A world, each orb a member of the same
Great family.

Eternal night throughout
The shades prevail fast bound by golden paths
That lead to yon bright atmospheres, wherein,
Perchance, the breath of mortal dwells, waft on
The pleasant breeze of life, which there may be
An Eden blessed, with full obedience to
The laws of God and His commands. Life there,
On yon bright orb, may be woe, human woe :
Life there is pleasant, sad, and sorrowful,
Ambition-crowned and upward, onward, with
A quickening pace : life there may be a wealth
Of intellectual power and happiness
Divine ; joy, plucked from untold ages gone ;
Joy drawn at last from evil's darksome reign
By the faith-reaching powers of the soul,
Which long since knew the good and evil things ;
Yea, knowing, an did weigh full well the
cause,
And evil when 'twas balanced, kicked the beam.

Eternal hymns of praise ye nightly sing,
O worlds above, around about, below.
Eternal myriads hushed in silent joy
Unpraise thee Nature and thy melodies;
Yet they do dance unconscious that thy song
Doth give them spirit and a lightsome foot.
Eternal words of wisdom lieth there,
Immortal passages, divinely writ;
Yet souls there are upon the Earth, who live
Unconscious of thine eloquence displayed,
Unconscious of ethereal things above:
But born on Earth, on Earth they will remain,
Nor will they soar above the mean and vile:
Ignoble plots their minds employ to plant
Destruction through the world, and venom'd
tongues,
The viper's keen and cutting instruments
Of death, destroy thy sweetness and obscure
Thy bright-illumined face and graceful form,
Society divine and heavenly fair.

Come tune thy soul to Nature's harmony,
To songs celestial borne from world to world,
And when thine ear is meet for heavenly sounds
The string is plied, the broken harp's renewed,

And thou art free—so spake the ancient seers—
And soaring far above all earthly things,
Communion hold with universal laws.
Then thou shalt learn in that great school
divine,

What sages fain would know : unfettered, thou
Shalt rise high in the empyreal heaven, till in
The distance, which among the infinity
Of worlds is called eternity, thou come
To perfect stature, "full of grace and truth".

Thus, O man, thine honor is unlimited,
Thy joy supreme. This is thy future being,
The glorious way that leads to Paradise,
Home of the blessed.

*Nature which is the time-vesture of God, and
reveals Him to the wise, hides Him from the
foolish.*

CARLYLE.

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e

*Hath not thy heart within thee burned,
At evening's calm and holy hour?*

S. G. BULFINCH.

'TIS EVENING.

'Tis evening! The sun is low and shines
With gentle ray. The air is warm and sweet.
Methinks I scent the alkanet borne on
The breeze, yea, and the violet. E'er and
Anon, zephyrs woo the cheek with passion's
warmth

And fan the soul within, till, tuned to thought,
The spirit wanders free its backward path,
To grove or lawn or hedge in its native place,
Cool, sunlit, scented: while, from twig to twig,
From lawn to shady grove, the birds do fly,
And sit and sing. Bees seek the fragrant
bowers:

From catkins odorous, they bear a store
Of nectared sweets. The hawk doth soar and
swoop

Upon her prey: and, soaring higher still,
Seeks a retreat. Birds in myriads pass o'er
The plain bearing odors from the sunny South,
And filling all the air with musings of
A distant scene—of sunlit sky and palm.

Save where the western sky refulgent glows
With amber hue, blue is the vault. Green is
The grass. The landscape, clothed with
verdure, decked

With crowns of scented shrubbery and groves
Of aspen, o'er the silver lake extends
To tree-fringed Turtle Mount. Amid this bright
Luxuriance, here and there a hamlet stands,
While on the neighboring ridges feed the kine
In pastures green. On yonder hillock see
The lambkins play, where bloomed of late the
proud

Anemone: in tasseled glory lives
He still. Here, redolent, of humbler form,
The buckbean creeps in purple garb.

Sweet is
The music of those silver sounds that guides
My footsteps on to yonder copse! Oh sweet
The scene! Here sings the lark immortal bird
Of song, whom myriad muses praise, whom sage
Grows rapturous o'er, and peasant learns to
love.

How oft I've listened to thy song at e'en,
And blessed thee at the coming of the dawn.

But hark! Among the willow hedges, hid
In leafy nooks, the blackbird tells her tale
Of love with wild gesticulation, while
On aspen boughs the robin, caroling,
Repeats her evening hymn. Perched upon
A tuft of grass, and rocking to and fro
With gentle swing, the bobolink is seen;
While from his swelling throat sweet music
falls.

Could I forget thee, bird of childhood's
dreams,
And recollection dear? How often have
I seen thee, and have listened to thy song
In clover-scented meads, when Nature smiled
And Paradise was near! How often I
Have left the haunts of man to drink with thee
The nectar of the field and feast my soul
On thoughts divine and pure! How often have
I thee befriended, and the ruthless hand
Uplifted o'er thy nest to work thee woe,
Arrested. Yea, and thou art dear to me,
And when thou singest, above the rest I hear
Thy welcome notes.

I thank thee, minstrels of
Poetic birth. I thank thee, Nature, for
This sylvan scene! I thank thee, spirit of
The Omnipresent One! Thy light divine
Doth reach the limits of the universe!
Into this verdant shade a ray of joy
Straight from the throne of God hath peered.

Mirrored

By light, bestowed on Nature from the world's
Foundation, embers glow; and from the new
Creation nectar emanates—joy
And pleasure, pleasure exquisite.

There is
A language known to them of heaven, whose
tongue
In notes of silver, clear and musical,
Doth praise its God. Freed from this mortal
bane,
They rise and tune their lyres to heavenly
themes,
And heavenly thoughts express with ease in
sweet
Simplicity. Not so with man. He feels
But can't express: expressed, an alien stands

Before. Yet is there joy. To think, to feel,
To hold commune with Nature and with God,
To feast the soul upon a passing breeze,
To drink the perfume of the opening rose,
To list the song of feathered minstrelsy,
To catch the colors of the glowing West
And golden-fringed clouds—to see, to feel,
To ponder these is joy.

Hast thou not stood
Within a court of green, where beauties formed
By man so pleased thee thou wast happy?
Hast thou not stood upon a grassy lawn,
Ambient with native hedge of willow or
Of popple, while from swaying branches, decked
With silvery catkins, low sweet music of
An evening song is heard. Which are the
works
More noble, which are the divine?

Out from
The grass, half running and half flying, fees
The nesting fowl: and taking higher flight,
Seeks safe retreat in yonder watery slough.
A wanton search reveals the mother's care;

Yet, mindful of a bond betwixt all flesh,
I harm forbear. Pleased with a look, I spare
The intruding step: for, loving liberty,
Could I deny the boon to creatures made
In image of that winged goddess? Nay,
This is their heritage and sacred are
Its precincts. Yet, with instrument of death,
Man strides upon the green, no pity in
His breast. He claims the earth and views
the heavens

With envious eye. An Epicurean taste,
Nursed in the lap of luxury, seeks bent
In wanton feasts. Sport, the lean price paid for
Another's woe, slakes his keen thirst in the
Deep well of pain. From Earth's remotest age
With parasitic greed, they sap the blood
Of life with endless pangs. Beasts are the prey
Of wanton pleasure; man the ignoble slave
At her voluptuous feasts: yet is the slave
Turned beast, and in his turn is offered to
That god a sacrifice.

Free from the guilt
Of causing needless pain, let me behold
The plain. Her pleasures are as verdant as

The green, yea, and as fresh : the which to taste
Is sport indeed uncumbered. Gross his taste
Who gross material uses, and coarse his joy :
His thoughts are mean, of low and little worth ;
Enveloped in a cloud his mind ; the which
Is cause of darkness and the direful foe
To happiness among all free-born beasts.

With unerring segment yonder slough
Is circled. Of willowed green the crown and
sweet

The aroma of the silvered catkin. E'en from
The leaves a fragrance is exhaled, whose balm
Falls gently on the wakened sense. Within
Moves noiselessly across the reedy pool
The graceful waterfowl, unconscious of
Man's presence. Down goes the bill to sift
beneath

The murky soil : erect the body stands,
A feathery buoy. Upstarts the plover with
A warning cry and seeks a safer distance,
And, moving slowly to the farther shore,
The duck is seen to drift, looking askance.

List to the cooing of the prairie hen,
That on the evening air floats softly by,

Filling my heart with joy as o'er the plain
I wander all alone, thinking of days
Gone by, O happy days! Still in my heart
I feel the vibrant chords quivering with
Ecstasy divine, as recollection paints
Each well-remembered scene. Of beast, or bird,
Or man, love's language warms the heart and
tunes

The soul to its sweet melody. Yet do
Regrets come floating o'er my mind, of things
I've said, of things I've done, of things I've left
Undone, of thoughts that withered in the blaze
Of Love's devouring flame. Pierced, bound,
enslaved,

I could not speak with freedom. Trembling,
shorn

Of my strength, I stood, a creature owned by
fate—

O happy fate that gave me liberty;
O bliss divine of perfect love begot.

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O precious evenings! all too swiftly sped!
LONGFELLOW.

*The moon is at her full, and riding high,
Floods the calm fields with light.*

BRYANT.

ORB OF BEAUTY.

Oh how I love to view thy mystic mould
At even, or at midnight's silent hour
To visit thy domain in fancy's form!
'Tis then I get above the things of earth,
And soar triumphant, winged with wondrous
flight
To distant realms. Alas! my vision fails
Me, and my soul though shorn of strength to
know
Thee, wonders with a longing wonderment
Thy nature, Orb of Beauty, and thy use.

'Tis sweet to see thy pallid light and feel
The mystic touch of balmy evening.
'Tis sweet to walk with company that lends
A rapture to the soul 'long paths o'er hung
With flowery trees in odorous breezes wrapt:
'Long streamlets where the gurgling rill doth
blend
And mingle with the whippo-will's sad note.

How calm, serene and beautiful thy light
Doth veil the earth, and over all divine
Compassion throw! How blest the scene! So
loath

To leave this paradisaal state, this taste
Of heaven, this soul-enrapturing space, to man
The happiest given, we linger yet, the true
Companions of that comely maiden Joy,
Who with her friend and fickle sister Pleasure,
Roams freely to and fro, transient visitants
From that fair kingdom, Eternal Happiness.

'Tis sweet to live! With odoriferous breath
The air doth moan and whisper gentle words
Of beauty, love and joy. Silently we gaze
Upon the silvery scene, 'tis beautiful.
We linger yet, though evening hath fled
And left behind the cooling shades of night,
While softened strains of conversation lead
Soul to soul through eyes that voice the joy
And happiness of each. * * * *
* * * * The night is speeding!
Adieu my Love, once more adieu to Thee.

*O, there is nothing holier, in this life of ours,
than the first consciousness of love,—the first
fluttering of its silken wings.*

LONGFELLOW.

*There is music, even in the beauty of the
silent note which Cupid strikes, far sweeter
than the sound of an instrument.*

SIR THOS. BROWNE.

AN INTERROGATION.

Has your love grown cold by waiting?
Has the holy fire diminished?
Is the passion less within you?
Shall I bid the friend of lovers,
Little Cupid, brave and warlike,
Draw his bow and speed an arrow,
Speed an arrow from his quiver?
Shall I bid him strike the lyre-strings,
Vibrant with celestial music
Borne from Heaven down to Eden
In the evening of creation,
When the Lord created Adam,
And formed Eve an helpmeet for him,
Made to love and to adore him,
To adore him and to love him,
Made to cherish and sustain him,
Made to bring him sweetest comfort,
Made to strew his path with roses,
Made to deck his couch with linen,
Pure and white and sweet and holy?

*Many waters cannot quench love, neither can
the floods drown it.*

CANT. 8:7.

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Born but to banquet and to drain the bowl.

HOMER.

THE ANCIENT FEAST.

Before me dismal shades of darkness creep,
Imprisoned by great mansion halls of flint,
Which tell a lord hath reigned, and grandeur,
once

A charm, hath met a woeful death; for, mark
Yon marble board, that fallen in decay,
Shows workmanship divine, a spirit breathed
In stone. Seats for a hundred creatures round
It stand in mockery of the past, when many
A gallant to the festive feast did lead
His lady blushing amid the merry throng
Of eager worshippers; when glances flew
From eye to eye, heralds of thought from heart
To heart, of love; when lord and lady of
Those ancient days did magnify the gods
Of Epicurean birth and bend their heads
To Bacchus; while, around the mirthful board,
The ivy clings in garlands beautiful,

And clasps within its folds the verdured
Thyrsus.

Then, from out the hidden chambers of
The soul, lead by the luring call of Jove's
Beguiling son, elfine hosts appear.

First, Lightheart came and claimed the royal
seat,
While round him sat his councillors of state
In happy mood.

Wit, that vain slave to self
Resolved, doth occupy the favor at
The right; while smiling Humor sits upon
The left; and with them, ever welcome to
The feast, sits Laughter pliant with Pleasure's
grace
And Company's gay form.

Then noisy Mirth
Appears with bolder front, as forth he leads
His minions to the feast. Gay Revelry
Is there and Beauty's form so lovely,
With Pride and Power and vile Jealousy,
Wealth unknown and thoughtless Jabbering,
Languor and Rest and Sleep.

Our feasts
In every mess have folly, and the feeders
Digest with it a custom, I should blush
To see you so attired.

SHAKESPEARE.

*So immeasurably older than any others
(mountains) now standing on the surface of the
globe, the Laurentians alone have the real
right to bear the title of "The Everlasting
Hills."*

LT.-COL. WM. WOOD.

ISLE OF LAURENTIA.

Isle of Laurentia! through the mists of time
Thee I behold, thou self-illumined land!
The rays are bright and pierce the darkness
through

With gleaming light! Thou wast the first to
rise

Above the Earth-encompassed flood; and thou
Art still, though ancient! Thou showest the
toil of time:

The marks of many ages rest upon
Thee! Thou'rt a wilderness, a "Great Lone
Land,"

Where rocks eternal lift their shining crowns
Above the gloom of thy dim solitude!

A land of desolation, wild and drear,

Where silence reigns supreme, inspiring awe.

No minstrel song to herald forth the day,

No low sweet murmur from a mid-day bower,

No evening carol issuing from the grove

In sweetest melody. Not e'en is heard
The scorpion's hiss of hate, nor from his dark
Abode the midnight owl's complaint All, all
Is lone and silent, and in that stillness dread.

Aeons have come and gone, yea, time has
grown

To manhood, since, in youth, thee I beheld,
Laurentia! Above the boundless flood
Thou rose slowly, majestically! Along
The beach the rushing waters swept: far o'er
The land the tidal waters crept. All was
A waste. No tree, no shrub, no grass was seen,
No song of birds was heard, no voice of man
Or beast. Above the surging deep, lifting
Athwart the sky his fiery columns bright,
Surmounted high with clouds of ebony,
Sat Vulcan. Far o'er the land, across
The troubled sea, stilling the ocean in
Its roughest mood, his awful voice resounded:
With blows of thundering might he smote the
Earth
Till her foundations shook. The mountains
reeled

And fell, the river lost its course, the sea
Its bed, uplifted o'er the wave. Winds howled
Storms raged with fury, awful darkness reigned,
While torrents washed the earth in weltering
floods.

Along the gloomy sky rolled thunder, peal
On peal, as lightning flashed and lit the scene
Around of warring elements.

Then lived
The Eozoon. In caverns deep beneath
The surging wave he dwelt in peace. No foe,
No monster fierce, of sea leviathans
Disturbed his play: he reigned, lord of things
Created. From the liquid flood he drew
Life's sustenance; on weaker creatures fed.
Brief his allotted days; dateless the age
Of his enduring reign. Tomb upon tomb
Received the dead of countless myriads,
Till the sepulchral city spread afar
Its adamantine walls.

Upon the hills
The Eophyton grew. Along the stream
Green banks were formed of grass luxuriant.

Reeds flourished in abundance. Rushes lined
The shores of overflowing rivers. On
The sluggish tide the seaweed floats, wrapping
The waters in a mantle green. Clinging
To rocks and motionless, save when the surge
Doth shake his quivering form, that vibrates to
Each weltering wave, the sponge is seen.
Paddling

His bulk along now sports the Trilobite,
The giant of the seas. Fishes appear.
From cove to cove they glide. With scale
upturned,
All glittering to the sun, they sport beneath
The wave, the blue and rippling wave.

Now green
The verdured land and rank the growth of fern
And moss and calamite. Aloft they grow
All interlaced, forming a network to
Exclude the sun. Warm is the ray that on
The forest shines and soft the air. Lovely
The groves. The vernal branches answer to
The breeze in mystic murmurs. Soft the sound
Like voice of many spirits, seeking a land

To dwell. Strange whisperings, strange music
and
Delight. The enchanted soul in dreamland
rests,
A land mysterious, where spirits dwell.

Ten thousand insects sport among the leaves;
From branch to branch ten thousand insects fly.
In damps below the reptile lurks seeking
The cooling shades.

Leviathans appear:
In marine majesty they ride upon
The white-capped waves. Above the deep blue
sea
The plesiosaurs gaze, snapping betimes,
As o'er the tide the pterodactyles fly.
Along the shore the ichthyosaurus crawls
And in the shallows. Perched upon a tree
The archæopteryx sits, resting perchance
From arduous flight. The hesperonis
Feeds below. Upon the breeze, dismal and sad,
Is borne an evening melody: 'tis of
The ichthyornis to his mate. Fainter
The sound, more faint, it sinks and dies away.

List to the music of yon mocking bird,
Swinging aloft upon the pendant branch
Of yonder flowery tree. How sweet the song!
With near approach the silver stream reflects
The self-same scene, 'tis beautiful. Gently
glides

The river to the sea, its tide un'turbed
But by a breeze from odoriferous bowers.
Each rippling wave the lily gently rocks,
A sun-reflecting mirror, throwing its rays
With glittering light across the placid stream,
Whose banks of verdure kiss the flowing tide
With nectared lips; then waving in the air,
Sweet zephyrs take their flight on odorous
wings,

From buds, from opening flowers, by fairy hands
Unlocked. In bird-enlivened bowers, joyous
And free, sweet minstrels tune the lyre,
breathing

An orphean strain upon the air, fragrant
With clove, Amboyna's spicy fruit. Pulo
Aij, thou wast not, when on Laurentian shores
The nutmeg grew, nor wast thou Lonthoir, for,
Upon the northern main she sat, a gem,
Ere yet our seas were formed, our continents,
Our isles.

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Being azoic these Laurentians are older than the first age when our remotest ancestors appeared in the earliest of animal forms, millions and millions of years ago. They are, in fact, the only part of the visible Earth which was present when Life itself was born.

LT.-COL. WM. WOOD.

I called for a drought upon the land.

HAG. 1: 11.

THE DROUTH.

Clear is the sky. From his fiery throne
The sun illumes with withering heat the earth.
No zephyrs sweet with perfume-laden breath;
No freshening shower; no life but listlessness;
Yea, even death. Dead is the grass and this
The time of vernal rains: helpless hangs
The quivering aspen leaf; the willow in
Her sadness bows her head. In shady nooks
Screened from the angry sun, in softened tones
Of fearfulness, the feathered minstrels dwell.
Then all is silent and a dread pervades
The stillness, sad, lonely and mysterious.

With anxious eye the farmer scans the sky
To get new hope. The West is gloomy with
A darksome cloud that rises fast. Brighter
His face. The breeze is cheering, and the sun
Obscured, invigorates as a deep draught

Drunk from its cooling depths. Onward, upward,

Rolls the sombre shape. The farmer smiles.
Fiercely blows the wind made visible
With clouds of dust. And now 'tis overhead;
It breaks and passes by, rainless again.

Thus oft elated and as oft depressed,
He lives on hope, the tiller of the soil,
And views the cloudless sky to get new hope
Again.

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Hope deferred maketh the heart sick.

PROV. 13 : 12.

There is no life to raise a hum, no wind to murmur, no ocean to boom and foam, and no brook to splash. Dead silence reigns on the moon; a thousand cannons might be fired and a thousand drums beaten upon that airless world, but no sound could come from them: lips might quiver and tongue essay to speak, but no action of theirs could break the utter silence of the lunar scene.

NASMYTH & CARPENTER.

FROM TYCHO'S SUNLIT HEIGHT.

Behold I stand on Tycho's sunlit height,
A lonely spectre in a world of death,
For all is silent, and the vacancies
About are painted with the dismal shades
Of Hell. All is silent, silent. Woeful clime,
Where charms of solitude are lost, where strife
Is bliss, though never to be blessed. Fain would
The fiends of Hades turn and seek, in woe,
Their lethal caves of fire; fain would mortal
sleep

In everlasting rest, than dwell in such
Domain of awful halcyon gloom. But now
Inured to sights of dim obscurity,
I cast my wandering sight above, where space
Is black as night and chaos rules supreme
In sempiternal depth; there to behold,
Midst countless wandering orbs, the mother of
This sphere in splendor wrapt, in glory crowned,

Refulgent with a majesty sublime,
And with a wondering soul to trace the realms
Of land and sea. To reckon Asia's span
That girds the Earth with unresisting grasp,
While Arctic's ice-bound sea doth cool her
brow,

And India's warming flood doth lave her feet :
To behold Europa's smiling form as at
Her feet doth kneel, in deep subjection held,
Africa ; to cast a wandering glance upon
Atlantic's darksome flood and view the shores
Of great America ; to summon up
The legions of the calm Pacific,
Wherein doth rest the Orient's Mighty Isle ;
Or with keener vision weigh the Alpine heights,
And gaze upon the Himalayan peaks,
Forever robed in white, while shadows veil
The glades and cast in gloom the torrid wastes
Of India's sultry clime.

Ceasing to gaze
Above, I cast my eager glances round
About. Behold ! as far as eye is wont
To see, an ocean deep, and limitless,
And dark, an ocean formed of mountain tops,

Whose lighted peaks do seem as foam-capped
waves,

While, here and there, a circle seems to stray
As though some wayward star had lost its
course,

And in despair had fallen and barred its grave
With silver bands of time-immortal strength.

But thou, O King of Craters, deep and dark.
How awful is thy magnitude! Here rolled
A sea of fire, and vapoury essences,
Mixed with the smells of Tophet, played about
These banks. Here rose this caldron's livid
flood

At times when Vulcan, urged with sweetened
toil,

And fanned by fame's inciting call, strove,
With instruments forged in Erebus,
To light with fiercer heat his native home
And pile more fuel upon the torrid spot,
Till overflowing all the heights about,
At intervals, where serrate gaps emit
The pressing fiery flood, and plunging down
The rugged mountain side, unaltered in
Its course by height of shelving ledge or depth

Of lowly cave, it lay congealed adown
The steep incline. * * * *

* * * Here sterner breezes swept
The mountain top, and roared with vengeful
glee

At Winter's coming rule : here snowy banks
And glacial beds were formed, and issuing from
Them ran the virgin spring ; and over all
Was light, brilliant and beautiful. But now
Alas ! they all have passed away, away,
And darkness lowering sings with silent tones
A requiem for the dead.

If moisture existed upon the moon, its night-side would be bound in a grip of frost to which our Arctic regions would be comparatively tropical.

NASMYTH & CARPENTER.

*Death aims with fouler spite
At fairer marks.*

QUARLES.

THE DEATH OF THE GOPHERS.

O'er yonder green with slow and heavy step
Treads farmer George. With pail in hand, and
 eyes
Aground, he moves now here, now there,
 stooping
The while to place the venom'd wheat aside
Each hole.

From yonder hillock comes the sound
Of life, the gophers' chirp. Standing erect,
They view the farmer's form with saucy mien
And bold. With nearer approach they chirp
 into
Their dens, then re-appear to disappear
Again with fainter voice, that echoes through
The corridors beneath.

See hith'r and thith'r
Flee the mischievous. Defiant now

They stand. The farmer marks each spot and
leaves

A sumptuous repast, then passes on,
Dealing destruction with a willing hand.

With charity exhausted, he returns
To view his work. Lo! all is still! Silence,
The song of death and the sad music of
Annihilation. Here and there they lie,
Some at their burrow's mouth; others in search
Of drink have fallen and died midway between
Their own and their near neighbor's home.

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*Though in midst of life we be,
Snares of death surround us.*

MARTIN LUTHER.



